

Topping the Competition by **Luddleston**

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Summary:

A sparring match between Zagreus, Patroclus, and Achilles turns Patroclus giving Zagreus a lesson on how to top. Achilles is happy to allow Zagreus to practice on him.

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Topping the Competition

Author's Note:

Hello! Now we have the second (nsfw) piece I wrote for the [Ambrosia & Ichor Zine!](#) As of posting they have leftover sales going on so if you want one you should definitely drop by!

I'd been wanting to write sexy sparring with PZA for a hot minute so this was really fun!

He'd been wanting to ask ever since they gifted him with Antos and he called upon them to help him in the arena—that had been one of his favorite matches with Theseus, if only for the way the Champion shrieked when the myrmidons came to Zagreus' aid. The power of the Chthonic Companions only allowed a precious few seconds' assistance, but he'd seen the way Patroclus fought and he'd nearly been cut in half by Asterius because his eyes lingered for so long.

Achilles may have been the swiftest of mortal warriors, but Patroclus was powerful all on his own, the force behind his strikes something not even Achilles could muster, lest it slow him down. Zagreus knew of Patroclus' strength, of course. On a number of occasions, Patroclus had lifted him off his feet with little effort.

When he confessed to his desire to see Patroclus in action for longer than the scant amount of time he fought by Zagreus' side when summoned, he wasn't expecting an immediate rejection, but he also wasn't expecting Patroclus to stand, take up his spear, and tell Zagreus, "on your feet, then, let us see what Achilles has taught you."

Zagreus scrambled to obey, not only thrilled because he was excited for the outcome of this fight, but because Patroclus' voice had taken on the particular quality it often held when he ordered Zagreus around in bed.

"Should I assist the lad?" Achilles asked, making no move to stand from where he was reclined, using his cloak as a blanket to keep the Elysian

grass from tickling at his bare skin on his shoulders and chest. Neither of them were wearing their breastplates, as they didn't have much give in them to allow one to relax, and Patroclus did not make any attempt to armor himself before accepting Zagreus' challenge, making it clear this was a friendly spar.

"Perhaps you shall assist me," Patroclus suggested. "Your lad is defeating gods on the regular, and it is always entertaining to team up on him."

He said this with a grin that said he was attempting to remind Zagreus of the last time they'd teamed up against him, which had ended with Zagreus on his hands and knees, Achilles' cock in his mouth and Patroclus' in his ass.

Honestly, if this also took that turn, Zagreus would not mind.

The first few exchanges were simple, Patroclus and Zagreus testing one another while Achilles got up, stretched, and took his time looking for his spear. Even after these, however, Zagreus knew he was going to be sorely outmatched.

Sure, Zagreus was a god and had defeated any number of foes, including Hades himself, but the advantage he had in his escape attempts was repetition. He memorized patterns of attack, developed counters for specific moves, and took down his enemies not because he was any stronger than them, but because he was perceptive enough to predict their every move.

Patroclus was wildly unpredictable from the start.

After meeting Zagreus' sword with his spear, he paused, considering the weapon in his hand. "I'm never sure quite how to..." he began, and then the spear glowed bright white for a second, changing shape, until it looked like a shortsword, similar to those the Exalted wielded. "Ah. Good enough, I suppose."

And from here, Zagreus had no idea how Patroclus was going to strike. His spear work, at least, was similar enough to Achilles'. This was something else entirely.

Zagreus was not hit, but only because Patroclus was not fighting him with deadly force. Even still, he made Zagreus work hard to block his attacks, forcing Zagreus to use all his strength muscle up to each swing.

Achilles, too, was less predictable when he fought alongside Patroclus, his attacks clearly well-practiced and well-planned, using his longer range to keep Zagreus away from Pat. With Stygius at his side today, Zagreus had no long-reaching attacks unless he wanted to employ his Bloodstones, so he was frequently forced to back away from them.

"You seem a little overwhelmed, prince!" Patroclus called, as Achilles dashed past him, his preternatural speed allowing him to escape a whole series of Zag's attacks even without Patroclus' assistance.

"That seems to be the case!" Zagreus was reduced mostly to dodging, kiting around their attacks the way he'd done when he'd first started fighting Meg in Tartarus and he spent more time running around clinging to the last moments before she killed him than actually fighting.

Patroclus' blade met his own again, the power in his strike echoing through Zagreus' arm. "Would you like to turn things around?" he asked, over the sound of metal against metal.

"I... what?"

Patroclus stepped back, and he would have been giving Zagreus a lot of ground, if he were still fighting Zagreus. Instead, he was advancing on another foe. "The two of us haven't yet gone up against Achilles."

"Oh, Pat, really?" Achilles complained, forced into a defensive position.

"Are you with me, Zagreus?" Patroclus asked, although he continued to advance on Achilles before Zagreus gave him an answer.

Zagreus' answer, of course, was yes.

"I can't believe my most beloved would do such a thing to me," Achilles said, in a deadpan tone that closer resembled something Patroclus would

say.

Despite the two of them against him, Achilles fared well. He had the advantage Zagreus did not, of knowing both his foes, and it allowed him to disarm Patroclus, the sword in Pat's hands hanging in midair a distance away, gone ghostly like a defeated Exalted's blade.

Patroclus, however, was not defeated, and was still a challenge even bare-handed. While Achilles tried to jab Zagreus with the blunt end of his spear, Patroclus launched himself in Achilles' direction, using all his weight and momentum to send Achilles crashing into the grass.

"Release me, you fool," said Achilles, slapping at Patroclus in an almost childish way. The way he shifted in Patroclus' hold was more practiced, twisting until he could find some leverage and then pitching the two of them over so that Patroclus went flat on his back and Achilles was on top.

He was reaching to grab Patroclus' shoulders and pin him when Zagreus stepped in, grasping Achilles' wrists and wrenching them behind his back. Achilles cried out, and it was less playing at wounded pride and more throaty, like it had been drawn from him against his will.

Patroclus, who was no longer being held down and ostensibly could have pulled himself out from beneath Achilles, was relaxing where he was at, his hands folded behind his head like he might take a nap while the two of them continued to wrestle on top of him. "Enjoying yourself there, Achilles?" he asked.

"Should I... let you go?" Zagreus asked, because Achilles sure as hell wasn't yielding.

Patroclus gave a noncommittal hum, but Achilles answered him with: "*harder, prince.*"

"Oh, wow. Okay."

Zagreus squeezed his wrists a little tighter but internally he panicked. Rarely ever was he put in this role in these sorts of things. He was usually

the one being pushed around, the one begging *harder, more, please*.

Patroclus, thankfully, was endlessly obliging. "Give me his hands," he said. "I'll hold him still while you strip him."

Zagreus did, and Achilles went along with little struggle, even shifting his shoulder so that Zagreus might find the pin keeping his chiton in place a little easier. Patroclus still held him in place even though he didn't attempt to get free, grasping his wrists and holding his hands to his chest. Zagreus supposed it was similar to the way he liked to be tied up occasionally, but the fact that it was just Patroclus' hands restraining him made things feel a little less controlled, a little more spontaneous.

"I've been thinking," Achilles said, as Zagreus finished undressing him completely and moved on to touching him instead, running his hands over Achilles' hips and up his back to his shoulders, which were tight, since Patroclus held him in place with his arms stretched out.

"Yes?" Zagreus prompted him.

"I'd like you to fuck me." Over Achilles' shoulder, Zagreus could see his hands clench where they were placed on Patroclus' pectorals.

Zagreus stopped in place, his hands in the center of Achilles' back, laying on either side of his spine. "I... Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes." Achilles shifted back like he would have pressed against Zagreus, were he any closer.

"I've never... never done that with anybody," Zagreus admitted. He'd always been perfectly happy on the receiving side of things, especially where Achilles and Patroclus were concerned. "I don't think I'd be very good at it—not compared to the two of you."

"That's not why he wants it." Patroclus sat up, then, which tumbled Achilles back against Zagreus, who caught him on instinct. He leaned into Zagreus' touch, arching against him sweetly, grinding his ass back against Zagreus' cock. "It's arousing because it's *you*, Zagreus."

"He's right." Achilles had tipped his head as if he wanted Zagreus to kiss him, but an attempt to do so from this angle would most likely end with a lot of Achilles' hair in his mouth, so Zagreus continued touching him instead. Achilles sighed as Zagreus palmed his chest, and moaned as Zagreus' touch made its way down his ribs to his stomach, coming to give his cock one lingering, too-light stroke.

He closed his eyes as he confessed, "I don't know how."

This was not a deterrent.

Patroclus' smirk turned extra sharp around the edges, and he reached past Achilles to kiss Zagreus, immediately deep and dirty, his tongue slipping into Zagreus' mouth. It didn't last long, he pulled back once Zagreus was thoroughly dazed. "You don't need to worry," he said. "I can teach you. If you would like to learn, that is."

It was a question, keep going or back off, change the game if you want. "I want to learn," Zagreus decided.

"Good," Achilles said. "I know you'll do well, lad. You always do."

Zagreus flushed and buried his face in Achilles' hair.

Patroclus rearranged them, instructing Achilles to lay back in the grass, on top of one of their shed cloaks, of course, because he was a gentleman. Patroclus and Zagreus both stripped, because he was not that much of a gentleman. Achilles faced Zagreus, who made his way between his thighs a little awkwardly, even this much already a clear sign that they were doing something different from their usual.

When Patroclus came up behind Zagreus, he put one arm around his waist, holding Zagreus close enough that he could feel Patroclus' erection against his thigh. His other hand found Zagreus', pressing a little glass bottle into his fingers.

"Start with your fingers. That much, I presume you understand," he said.

"I do." The two of them had seen Zagreus finger himself open on more than one occasion. "But this is sort of... it's different, don't you think?"

"You've never done this to somebody else," Patroclus said. It wasn't a question, but Zagreus nodded anyway. "Well, let me give you some instruction." He remained right where he was at to teach Zagreus, which was as distracting as it was arousing, and certainly turned something that would have been awkward into something fun. His mouth pressed to Zagreus' ear, his beard scratching just enough to be pleasant. "So. I'd predict your biggest challenge is going to be slowing yourself down," he said.

"I do tend to move fast," Zagreus agreed.

Achilles made a frustrated little noise, his legs hooking around Zagreus' hips and Patroclus' too, pulling himself closer by sheer force of his thighs. "Patroclus, you are going to teach him to be as terrible a tease as you are," he complained.

"Never fear, Achilles," Patroclus said. "No man will ever be as terrible a tease as I am."

"I could be a tease if I wanted," said Zagreus, who definitely could not.

"Here." Patroclus took Zag's hand for him, slicking up his fingers. "He doesn't *need* you to prepare him like this, death does come with some advantages, but start with just feeling him. Don't press in yet."

This close, Zagreus could feel the rumble of Patroclus' chest against his back as he spoke. He followed Pat's instructions as much as he could, his free hand sliding down Achilles' trembling thigh, but he soon discovered that he had absolutely no resolve for these sorts of things.

He realized this because Achilles started to beg. "Zagreus, love, please. Just fuck me, you'll feel so good."

Achilles never begged him for anything. He'd ask, of course, politely so, but it was never *please, just fuck me* in a tone of voice that made Zagreus

want to skip the act of fingering him altogether and— *gods*, he'd never wanted to get his cock in somebody so bad.

But he'd never last if he started off that way, and so he went as slowly as he could, pushing two fingers past Achilles' rim, dragging them in and out by the smallest degrees. Even that slight of an action had Achilles' head tossing back, his eyes going glassy.

Patroclus clicked his tongue with the slightest hint of admonishment, and nipped at Zagreus' shoulder. "You're giving it up to him too easily," he said. It wasn't true criticism, especially not when said in that sing-song way. "I suppose that's to be expected, your first time. It's alright. Keep going, look at him. Always so beautiful while he's being fucked."

He was right. Of course he was right. Achilles was always beautiful, but he was radiant now, flushed so deep he looked like he was alive again, his hair spread out in a mass of curls on the grass beneath him, arms thrown over his head. He'd planted his feet so he could rock back onto Zagreus' fingers, forcing them deeper, up to the knuckle. The sounds he made when Zagreus curled them echoed through Elysium, loud enough that Zagreus might have worried about drawing attention, if he had any mind with which to fret.

He was focused wholly on Achilles, though. So much so that when he felt Patroclus grab his wrist, he was startled, his head tipping back suddenly as if he'd been woken from a dream.

"Keep doing that, and he'll come before you get your cock in him," Patroclus warned. "Unless that's what you would prefer...?"

"No, I want... no. Not yet." His eyes met Achilles', but he spoke to Patroclus, as if Achilles wasn't even listening to him. "I want him on my cock." It always made him feel pleasantly debauched when they talked like this about him, barely acknowledging his presence between them, and from the shaky noise Achilles made, he found it similarly arousing.

"I don't know, he might not be ready for such things," Patroclus said, a smile in his voice, because he was making Achilles glare daggers.

"Don't listen to him. Pat, no. I'm ready. I'm—please. Please."

Zagreus curled his fingers within Achilles again just to tease, and it had him tossing his head back, throwing an arm over his face as if to hide. Watching him like this, Zagreus was struck with an urge to keep going, to get that tight, wet heat around his cock. It was something he rarely felt, and was usually a desire that could be soothed by one of their mouths around him, but this time, all he wanted was *more*. Just more.

His head fuzzy, he leaned back against Patroclus' shoulder. "I want him. Now. Help me get... help me get in him."

Patroclus laughed, pressing little kisses to the side of Zagreus' head. "You have to take your fingers out, dear prince."

"Right. Yes." He'd forgotten that bit, frozen with his need.

Patroclus reached around Zagreus' hip, giving his cock a slow stroke, spreading the wetness from the tip down the length of it. "Achilles," he said, and got a little groan of affirmation from him. "Take your hands off your face. I want Zagreus to see what you look like while he's fucking you. That's it. Spread your legs for him, too."

Achilles smiled up at him, a little shaky from pleasure. "That's it, lad. You're going to make me feel so good."

He could only hope. At his hesitation, Patroclus settled his hands on Zagreus' hips. "Here. you don't need to do anything, just let me move you," he said. "I'll show you what pace he likes."

It was a relief, to let Patroclus take control of his movements, easing him into Achilles slowly. Achilles thighs shook as Zagreus entered him fully, his hands twisting in the cloak spread out beneath him. "*Zagreus*, oh, you're even warmer than I thought you'd be," he sighed. They'd both commented on it before; Zagreus' temperature ran higher than the shades' in general but especially at specific points, his feet and his tongue and his cock.

"Hold onto his thighs," Patroclus continued to instruct him. "Behind his knees, and push them forward. He's flexible, he can take it."

Zagreus followed his instructions and was rewarded with Patroclus tugging him back out of Achilles and then pushing him in, using Zagreus to fuck him. One of Achilles' hands reached for Zagreus' where it was gripping tight to his knee, stroking over his knuckles sweetly. Patroclus leaned against him heavier, forcing Zagreus to push down on Achilles, until his knees were almost pressed to his chest.

Patroclus moved him until his grip on Zagreus' hips became slick with sweat, and Zagreus started to move against Patroclus' grip, fucking into Achilles while Pat tried to hold him still. It felt too good to go at Patroclus' suggested pace, which was slow and steady and probably would help Zagreus last longer, but gods, he had to have Achilles, *now*.

"If you're not going to listen to me, I'm going to have to find something else to do with you," Patroclus warned him.

Zagreus did not listen to him. "I'm sorry, sir, I just can't—" he cried, and he swore Achilles laughed.

Patroclus nipped at the back of his neck. "I understand," he said. "Achilles can be quite irresistible that way. I'll entertain myself fine." His hands left Zagreus' hips, and he picked up the bottle of oil, which had possibly been knocked over and possibly spilled a little. There was enough left in it for Patroclus' use, though, because Zagreus felt a slick cock pressed against his entrance.

Oh, yes. "Do it, please, I want—"

"Do what?" Achilles managed.

"Oh, hush, Achilles. Don't concern yourself with what I'm up to." As he said this, he fucked into Zagreus.

No doubt, Achilles knew what was happening now, if only from the way Zagreus moaned and his eyes rolled back.

Patroclus moved slowly at first, barely rocking into him, letting Zagreus fuck himself every time he drew out of Achilles. At one point, he stilled entirely, just allowing Zagreus to rock between them. It was far too good. His grip on Achilles' thighs slipped, but that was okay, because Achilles hooked his hands beneath his own knees to hold himself open for Zagreus to grind between them. His laurel sparked and popped, louder even than their breathing and the soft noises that Zagreus couldn't keep from slipping between his lips.

He didn't realize the distance between them was getting smaller and smaller until he was well and truly sandwiched between them, fully seated in Achilles while Patroclus was fully seated in him. He gave a staggered laugh. "Well. How exactly did we get here, gentlemen?" he asked.

Patroclus reached over Zagreus' shoulder to grasp his jaw, turning him into a kiss before telling him, "you didn't listen to me. That's how."

"Well, I sort of love where it got me," Zagreus said.

Achilles reached up for him, curling forward in an impressive display of his abdominal muscles to kiss Zagreus, too. Patroclus let go to allow Achilles to hold onto Zagreus' face, and as Zagreus sank into the fervent kiss Achilles gave him, he was distracted enough not to notice Patroclus pulling out of him and fucking back in hard, pushing him forward into Achilles and making him yelp against Achilles' mouth.

"Agh, Pat!" Zagreus cried.

Patroclus only kept going. "Should I have warned you?" He kept pace that way, forcing Zagreus to brace himself on Achilles' chest. Patroclus took over holding onto Achilles, his arms bracketing Zagreus and his hands pressing Achilles' knees even further back than Zagreus had been, practically folding him in on himself. Achilles did not seem to mind this.

"He can take it," said Achilles, giving Zagreus a wicked grin. "Can't you?"

"I can, sir," Zagreus said. He barely managed to eke out the words. "Not—unf—not for long, though. Oh, fuck *me* I'm so close—"

"That's it," Achilles said again, running his fingers through Zagreus' hair. He sounded calmer than he had been, probably because Zagreus wasn't actively fucking him. "Come on, Zagreus, I want to feel you."

"Come in him for us, love," Patroclus said, his voice pitched gentle and sweet.

It was enough to set Zagreus off.

He dropped his forehead to Achilles' chest as he came, and Patroclus rocked into him, fucking him through it just how he liked. Achilles praised him throughout, although he could only pick out a few words: "*yes, good, good lad.*"

Patroclus had to put an arm around Zagreus' chest to pull him back up, giving Achilles a moment's respite from the way Zag had been crushing him. "Can you keep going until I finish?" He asked. Zag nodded. "Can you suck Achilles off while I do it?" This one made Zag hesitate.

"He's out of his head, Pat, just fuck him. I don't doubt the sight of you doing it will be enough for me," Achilles said, moaning a little as Pat adjusted his hips and helped him out of Achilles.

Zagreus' muscles were all loose from orgasm, and he would have been a puddle if not for Patroclus holding him, one arm braced across his chest, his other hand at Zag's hip to keep him steady. He could hear Achilles making noises beneath him that made him desperately want to look, but lifting his head from Patroclus' shoulder would take an immense amount of effort. Also, the way Patroclus kissed his neck was a fantastic incentive to stay right where he was at while Patroclus used him.

It was very nearly too much. With Zagreus so over-sensitive, Patroclus' every thrust set his nerves alight, and he was nearly whimpering by the time Patroclus stilled, deep inside him, and came with a low groan against Zagreus' neck.

"Good," Patroclus said, gently helping Zagreus to lie beside Achilles, who swept him into an embrace immediately, kissing him all over his face. "You

did so well for us, sweetheart.”

Zagreus gave a winded little giggle as Patroclus set about cleaning them off. This effort was made more difficult because he had to separate Zagreus and Achilles to do it.

He was still catching his breath by the time all three of them relaxed together, each with an arm around him, Patroclus claiming they were stealing his body heat, Achilles retorting that they already knew Pat was a notorious cuddler and there was no need to pretend otherwise.

Zagreus was the first to ask, “so, um, who actually did win that sparring match?”

“No idea,” Achilles said. “Definitely not me.”

“I guess that means you and I need to go for a rematch,” Patroclus decided.

“And what happens if I manage to pin *you* next time?”

Patroclus’ grip on his waist tightened just a little. “I suppose you’ll have to decide what you want.”

Author's Note:

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